

- HERGÉ -



THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN



THE BLUE LOTUS



LITTLE, BROWN

HERGÉ
★
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
★

THE BLUE LOTUS



LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY
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HISTORICAL NOTE

Hergé first published *Le Lotus Bleu* in the magazine *Le Petit Vingtième* in Brussels in 1934-5: the story itself is set in 1931. At that time Japanese troops were occupying parts of the Chinese mainland, and Shanghai, the great seaport at the mouth of the Yangtze Kiang, possessed an International Settlement, a trading base in China for Western nations, administered by the British and Americans. Hergé based his narrative freely upon the events of the time, including the blowing-up of the South Manchurian railway, which led to further incursions by Japan into China and ultimately to Japan's resignation from the League of Nations in 1933.

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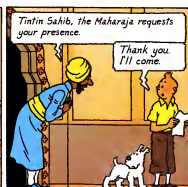
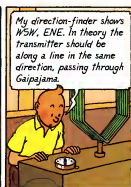
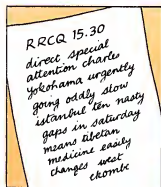
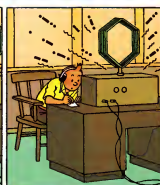
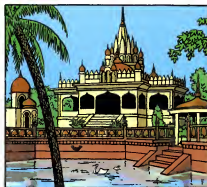
THE BLUE LOTUS

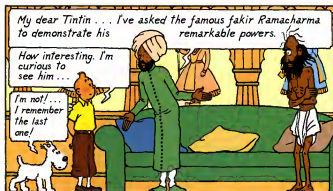
藍蓮花

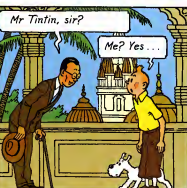
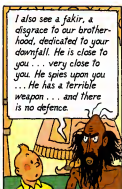
TINTIN AND SNOWY are in India, guests of the Maharaja of Gaipajama, enjoying a well-earned rest. The evil gang of international drug smugglers, encountered in *Cigars of the Pharaoh*, has been smashed and its members are behind bars. With one exception. Only the mysterious gang-leader

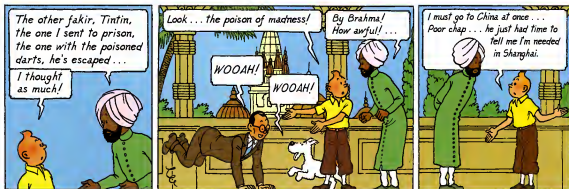
is unaccounted for: he disappeared over a cliff.

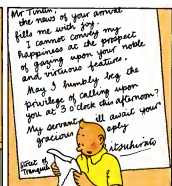
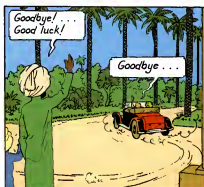
But questions have still to be answered. What of the terrible Rajajah juice, the 'poison of madness'? Where were the shipments of opium going, hidden in the false cigars? And who really was the master-mind behind the operation?

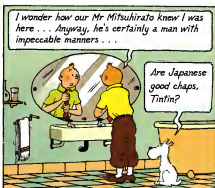




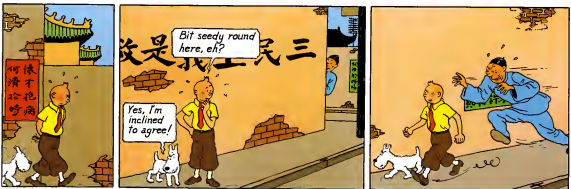
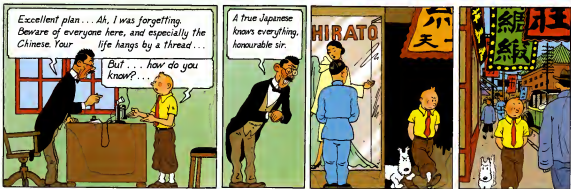
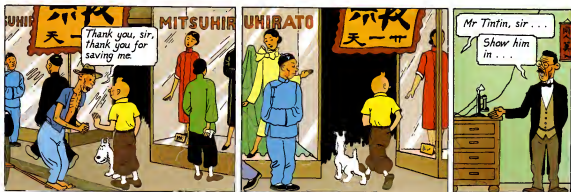


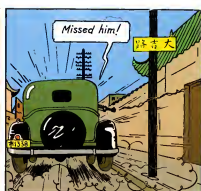
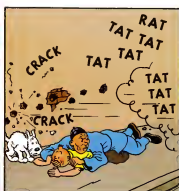


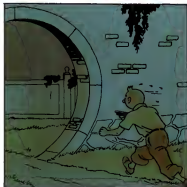
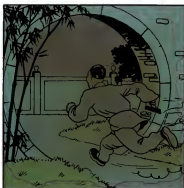












The shots came from
this direction ...

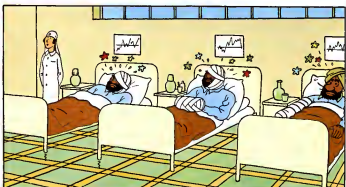
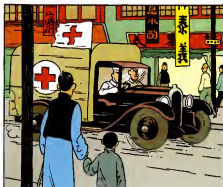
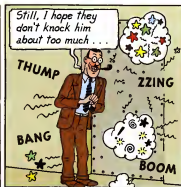


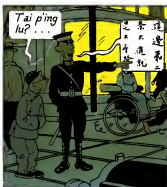
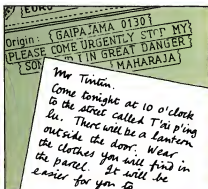
Let's hope that
whistle doesn't bring
reinforcements ...



Hurry up,
boys!

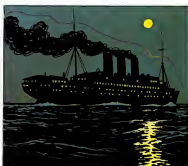
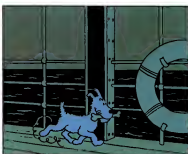
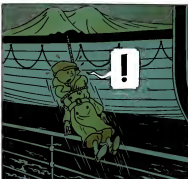


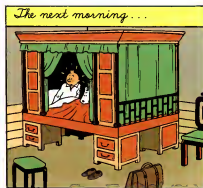


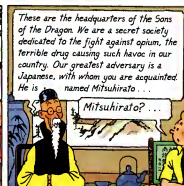


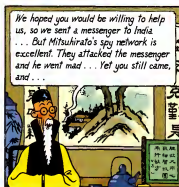
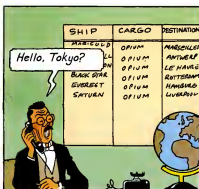


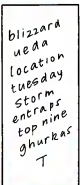
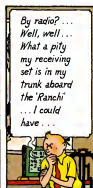


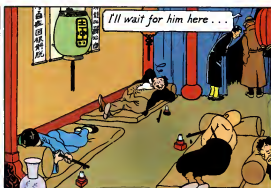














You have everything?

Careful! ...
We've arrived



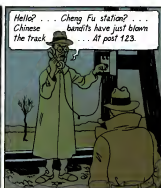
Now then, to work! ...



Crumbs, it's cold
... Now what are
they doing? ...
Taking cover?
... I wonder ...



Perfect!



Hello? ... Cheng Fu station? ...
Chinese bandits have just blown
the track ... At post 123.



Brrrr!
I'm frozen!



ATCHOOOO!

!

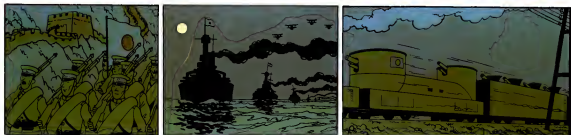
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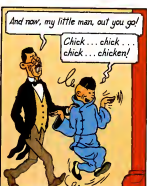
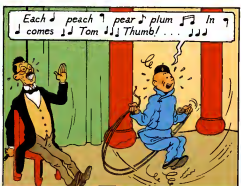


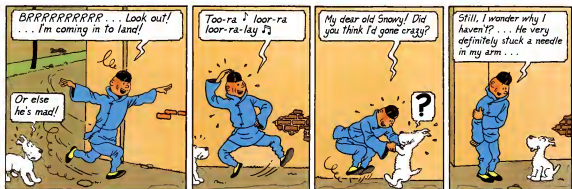
Someone over there! ...
Look! ... A spy! ...



BANG







Seven suffering Samurais! That's not Rajajiah... So what did I ...?



Chang went to watch the house of Mitsuhirato, Venerable... He has returned...

Send him here at once!



I was hidden in the next room. I put coloured water in place of the Rajajiah, and I've brought you the real poison. I took care of his knife and his gun too...



I'll soon find him. He can't have gone far...



There!!...



I could have sworn my gun was loaded... Anyway, I still have my knife!



Kamikaze! The blade's made of rubber!



And perhaps that's made of rubber as well!...



An hour later...

I've been half murdered by a young European, a Chinese spy! His name is Tintin!



Now we must go back to Mr Wang...



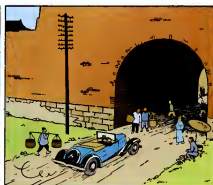
5000 YEN REWARD
WHOEVER
TINTIN
SPY

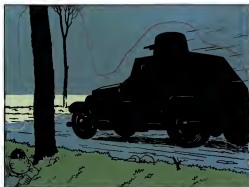
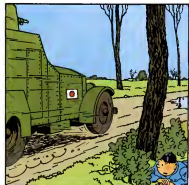
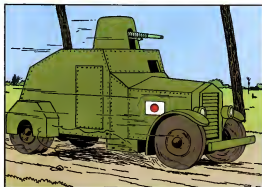


There isn't a moment to lose... I must get out of the city...

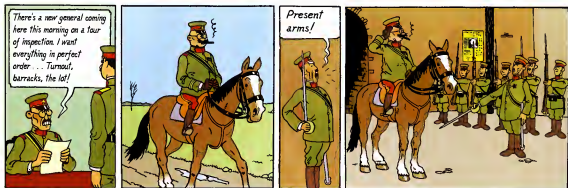


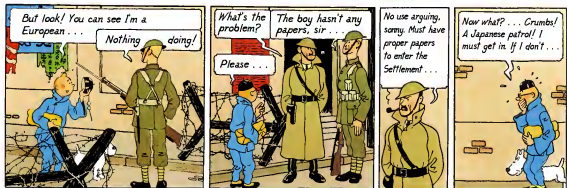


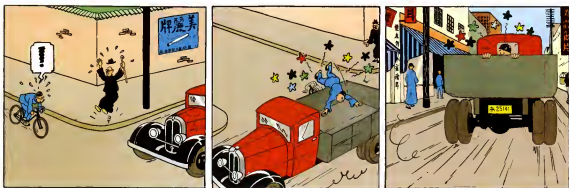
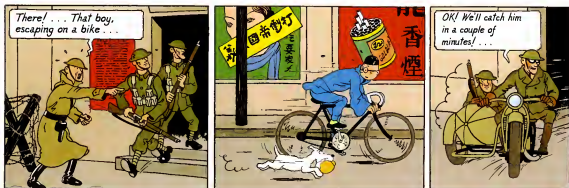


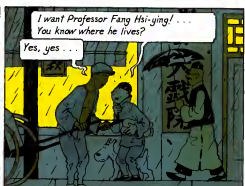
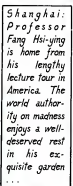




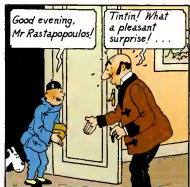
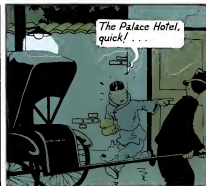
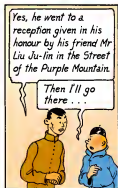
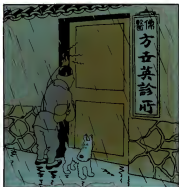


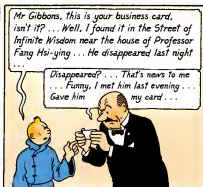
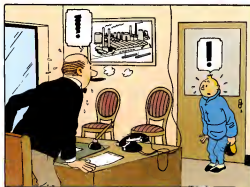


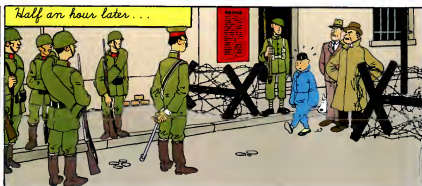
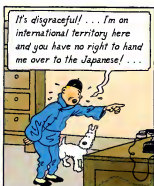
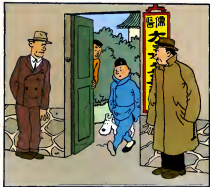
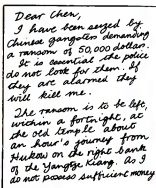


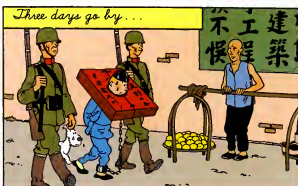
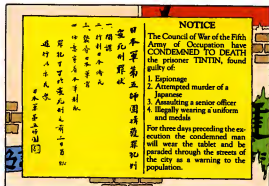


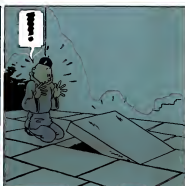
* See Cigars of the Pharaoh

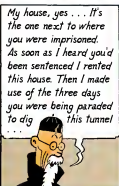


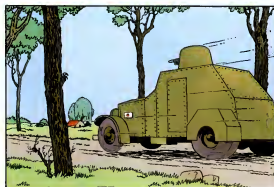
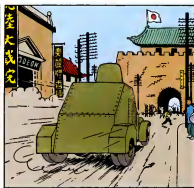
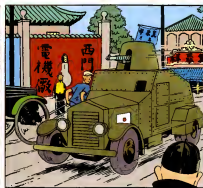


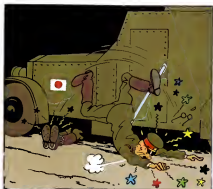
















He's alive!



That's better, eh? You almost swallowed half the river! ... What's your name? ... I'm Tintin ...



I am Chang Chong-chen ... But ... why did you save my life?

?



I thought all white devils were wicked, like those who killed my grandfather and grandmother long ago. During the War of Righteous and Harmonious Fists, my father said.

The Boxer Rebellion, yes.



But Chang, all white men aren't wicked. You see, different peoples don't know enough about each other. Lots of Europeans still believe ...



... that all Chinese are cunning and cruel and wear pigtails, are always inventing tortures, and eating rotten eggs and swallows' nests ...



The same stupid Europeans are quite convinced that all Chinese have tiny feet, and even now little Chinese girls suffer agonies with bandages ...



... designed to prevent their feet developing normally. They're even convinced that Chinese rivers are full of unwanted babies, thrown in when they are born.



So you see Chang, that's what lots of people believe about China!

They must be crazy people in your country!!



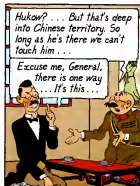
Meanwhile ...

I have news for you, General, about Tintin ...

You know where he is?



I have just received a telegram ... He caught a train this morning for Hukow ...



Hukow? ... But that's deep into Chinese territory. So long as he's there we can't touch him ...

Excuse me, General, there is one way ... It's this ...



Now, Chang, what are you going to do?

My parents are lost ... I've nowhere to go ... Couldn't I come with you?



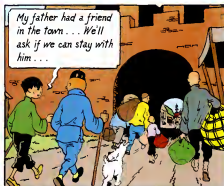
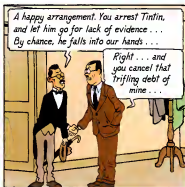
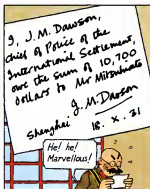
It's just ... I may be running into great danger ...

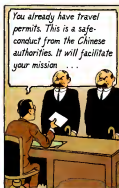
But two of us would be far stronger ...



OK, then! ... Off to Hukow!

I know a short cut ...





軍警當局務希
與以臂助於持
此執照者

POLICE
HEADQUARTERS

All Chinese authorities are hereby directed to render whatever assistance may be required by the bearer of this pass.

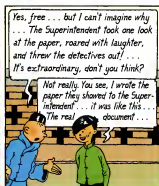


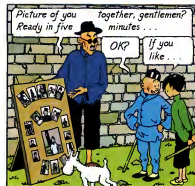
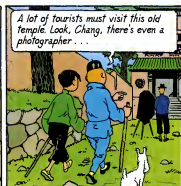
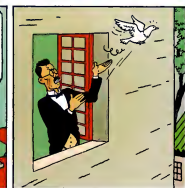
Next morning...

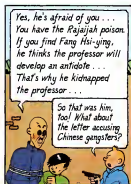
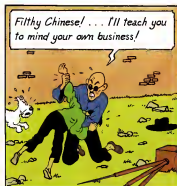
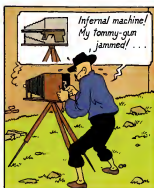
*What a life . . .
All night in the
train . . . then
three hours'
walk . . . Hukow
at last . . .*

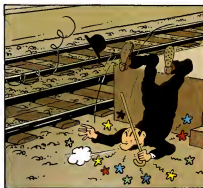


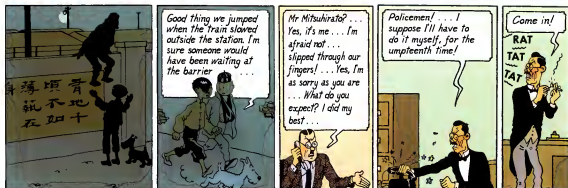




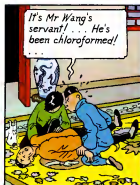






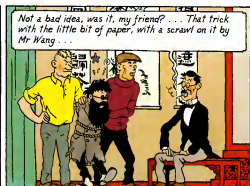


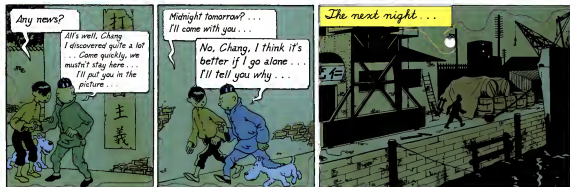
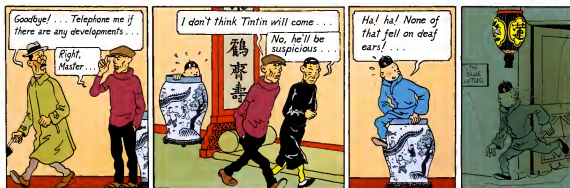




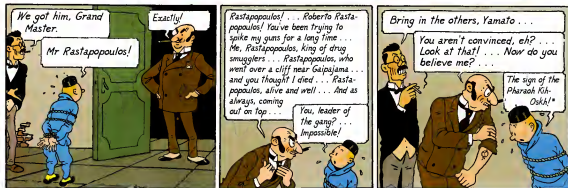
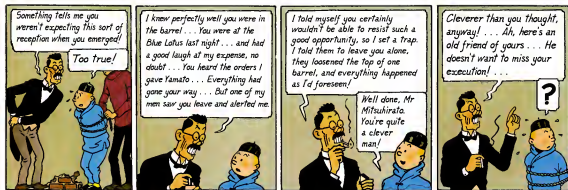


The Blue Lotus? ... It's an opium den in Shanghai ... How do I get in without being recognised? ... In disguise? ...









* See Cigars of the Pharaoh





SHANGHAI NEWS

上海報

FANG HSI-YING FOUND: Professor Prisoner in Opium Den

SHANGHAI, Wednesday:

Professor Fang Hsi-ying has been found! The good news was flashed to us this morning.

Last week eminent scholar Fang disappeared on his way home from a party given by a friend. Police efforts to trace him were unavailing. No clues were found.



Professor Fang Hsi-ying pictured just after his release.

Young European reporter Tintin joined in the hunt for the missing man of science. Earlier we reported incidents involving Tintin and the occupying Japanese forces. Secret society Sons of the Dragon aided Tintin in the rescue. Fang Hsi-ying was kidnapped by an international gang of drug smugglers, now all safely in police custody.

A wireless transmitter was found by police at Blue Lotus opium den. The transmitter was used by the drug smugglers to communicate with their ships on the high seas. Information radiocoded included sea routes, ports to be avoided, points of embarkation and uploading.

Home of Japanese subject Mitsuhiroto was also searched. No comment, say police on reports of seizure of top-secret documents. Unconfirmed rumours suggest the papers concern undercover political activity by a neighbouring power. Speculation mounts that they disclose the recent Shanghai-Nanking railway incident as a pretext for extended Japanese occupation. League of Nations officials in Geneva will study the captured documents.

TINTIN'S OWN STORY

This morning, hero of the hour Mr Tintin, talked to us about his adventures.



Tintin, senior of Professor Fang Hsi-ying, with Sargy, his faithful companion.

The young reporter is the guest of Mr Wang Chen-yeet at his host's picturesque villa on the Nanking road. When we called, our hero, young and smiling, greeted us wearing Chinese dress. Could this really be the scourge of the terrible Shanghai gangsters?

After our greetings and congratulations, we asked Mr Tintin to tell us how he succeeded in smashing the most dangerous organisation.

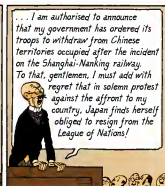
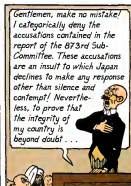
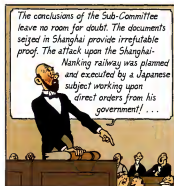
Mr Wang, a tall, elderly, venerable man with an impish smile said:

"You must tell the world it is entirely due to him that my wife, my son and I are alive today!"

With these words our interview was concluded, and we said farewell to the friendly reporter and his kindly host.

L.G.T.

Young people carry posters of Tintin through Shanghai streets





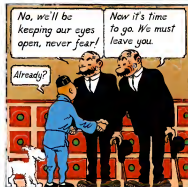
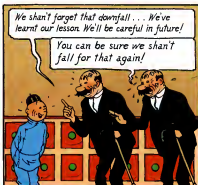
Good morning ... Er ...
Here we are at last ...

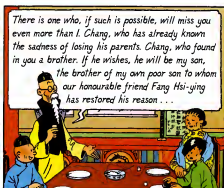
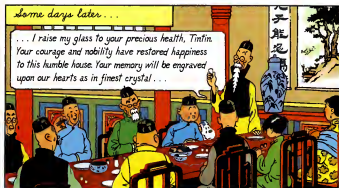
Um ... er ...
So here you
are? ...

To be precise: good
morning. Here we are,
last as usual ...

Yes, we've come ... to offer our
congratulations, and to tell you we
... we ...

We never believed for a
minute you were guilty. But
what could we do? We had
to obey orders ...





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